merely a religious difficulty, a devotional discomfort but a.
psychological impossibility.

According to **Dr.** Martineau,

"Worship is the free offering of ourselves to God ; ever renewed,
because ever imperfect. It expresses the consciousness that we are
His by right; yet have not duly passed into His hand ; that the SOLI
has no true rest but in Him, yet has wandered in strange flights untJ
her wing is tired. It is her effort to return home, the surrender again
of her narrow self-will, her prayer to be merged in a life diviner than
her own. It is at once the lowliest and loftiest attitude of her nature."

Worship again is the application of all our faculties to the
realisation of God whether in adoration or meditation or suppli-
cation or in all the three combined. Ultimately, what is the
end of religion but the reproduction, the magnifying of God in
man ? Man is gradually unfolded in his divine nature as an
immortal being. Our soul is the spark, the *shekinah* of God's
own Self that grows and purifies but can never be put out.
Hence its survival after the dissolution of the body in a higher
life which is calculated to ensure the continuity of the moral
and spiritual progress begun on this earth. Worship makes man the first born of the Father's-lave
and the eldest child in the Father's home. Worship generates
that spirit of catholic wholeness which cultivates with equal
ardour reverence for the highest and regardfulness for the
humblest. Worship draws the currents of creativeness into

the soul of the worshipper and directs the recreated soul to
recreate the world. Worship is the immediate contact, nay,
the inseparable though mysterious commingling,the inalienable
and ever deepening interfusion of the Master and the servant,
the Preceptor and the pupil, the Deity and the devotee, the
Father and the son, in all the concerns of life. The alchemy
of worship transmutes the heart into the altar, the school
into the sanctuary, the mill into the granary, the prison
into the hospital, the sentinel's post into the steward's cabin,
the prodigal's confessions into the son's confidences. As